



**activate**

INDEPENDENT

STUDENT NEWSPAPER

***Orientation edition***

**2000**



60's  
Brother

70's  
Dude

80's  
Bloke

80's  
Chick

70's  
Groove  
Bunny

60's  
Sister

ENTER **The** 21<sup>st</sup>  
CENTURY  
**STUDENT**

...These shall not be forgotten years



# Editorial



"The hardest years, the wildest years, the desperate and divided years. Forsaken, achin-brakin years, the tried and tested heartbreak years. These shall not be forgotten years."

*Midnight Oil, Forgotten Years*

You'll often find this song straining in some distant corner of the airwaves, getting some poor sod somewhere through the tail-end of the night. There remains, despite the nihilistic tinges, a weird sense of high-spirited celebration to the way Peter Garret screamed this one into musical history. That, perhaps better than anything, captures the weird cocktail of experience that awaits you guys out here. Welcome to the Valley, folks.

Take it from someone with 3 years out here behind them. The best and worst of the human experience somehow finds its way to Grahamstown. To some it's the last bohemian paradise. To some it's a sort of last ditch stand against established norms and attitudes. To quite a few it's their out-card from parental smothering and the hackneyed routines of their home existence. But to any and all, it's defined, in the end, by how they live it.

Once the dust settles, the hangover fades and you wind up actually appraising where the hell you've wound up, you'll find yourself in a charming little university town surrounded by a rogues' gallery of cultures and ideas. The rest my friends, is how you play it. You can barricade yourself behind boredom and apathy and never see a thing that matters to you beyond your lecture halls and res room, or you can strike out into the void and rack up some of the most vivid and powerful experiences of your life. As you walk the knife-edge between freedom and responsibility out here, much is stripped away, much is questioned. Much is confirmed, too. In a way, one of the key subjects you really study out

here isn't found on your textbook shelf, it's found in the mirror. As the enigmatic Mr Conchis says to his protégé in Fowles's *The Magus*: "I envy you. You still have all your discoveries ahead of you." And, hell, there's a lot more discovery material these days than our parents ever had.

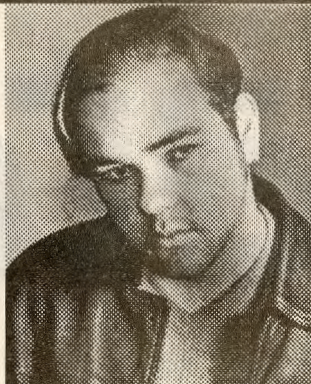
To quote our societies editor and staff radical Felix: "We are living in revolutionary times." Whether it matters to you or not, as the first class of the 21st century, history has handed you one hell of a playground. You're part of the generation destined to come up with answers to a whole lot of questions the last century barely had the guts to ask. So kick back to the soundtracks, live em' high, play em fast. The rest will follow.

Activate will be here as a kind of hitchhiker's guide to this place - it's events, it's people, it's ideas. You'll find everything from cinema schedules and sports fixtures to the thoughts and opinions that have folks throttling each other in every corner of campus.

We also cast our cocky gaze way beyond the arch and try to help you get a handle on the open-access asylum that is the world we have inherited. We need your help to do it, of course. Come ye writers - come one, come frigin all.

To all those with something to say, to all those who are willing to face up to what the student scene might think of their ideas, even to those who just wanna review movies and rate coffee shops - we need you, we want you. So through all the coffee-stained nights and hungover mornings when your mind finds a moment to wander, pick up a copy. Shove it in your book bag and kick back with it between lectures. Let us help you live this psychotic little valley to the fullest, because, hey, the lads from *Midnight Oil* had it right - these should not be forgotten years.

Jak Koseff, Editor



Jak - Editor



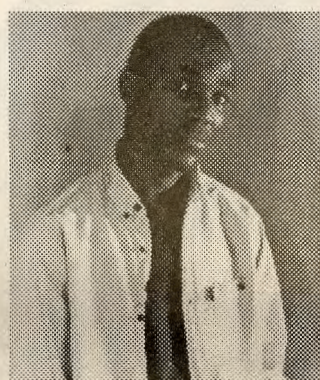
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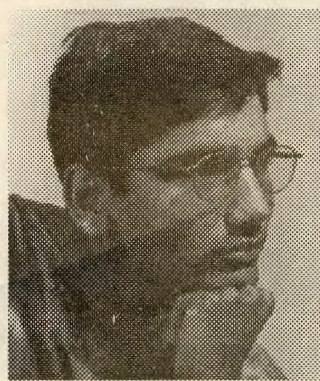
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## Reasonable Anarchy



Pollyanna-on-Speed

### Me, Myself, I

"These are the years when you really find yourself," one friend wisely told me before I ventured into the unknown territory of what I now affectionately term Planet G-Town.

Whilst the concept of actually needing to go in search of Me - which I was sure was the only thing I hadn't managed to lose - was quite disconcerting, I endeavoured to discover exactly who Me was and where the hell she had gotten lost.

Idealistically, I had believed Me was merely an English middle-class white girl of above average intelligence and a self-destructing habit of over-involving herself. How blissfully ignorant I was. At Rhodes, it would seem my mystical self had managed to forgo all these traditional stereotypes and had disappeared into an ivory tower-type world, devoid of these norms.

What does white or black really mean in a truly universal term? Amount melanin in the skin? True, I was brought up in a fairly liberal household, and could thus understand how Me had found this seeming lack of real division amongst the races as a given, and had submerged herself into it wholeheartedly. She wasn't even as shocked as some of her home town counterparts to find - not only are interracial relationships a common place event - but that Me found the men of different races possibly even more attractive than those of her own.

What becomes blatantly obvious, however, is that within each race group is a developing division which threatens the harmony of this cosmopolitan little campus. One of Me's closest friends came under attack and

was labelled a coconut. She dismissed it, but Me knew that this rejection cut deeper than any other external racist comments could have. Another friend swore fervently how he was leaving SA at the first chance because as a white male he had no future. Me wondered how people as educated and fortunate could actively pull themselves and others of their kind down.

Similarly, Me found that men and women have hashed out the age-old "we're better than you" debate and have established a shaky but viable equilibrium. Again, however, the lines seemed far more blurred on closer inspection. As per usual, within the sexes, canyons of divide and differing opinions exist and, whilst I am what I would like to think of as a feminist, Me found it difficult to relate to the male-hating, butch-bitch image that was associated with the term, and yet could not bring herself to condone studies in the Bachelor of Marriage which so many other women appear committed to. The men in their own quaint manner deal quite effectively with ideological matters: they merely ignore or rough up each other. Civil that.

Whilst Rhodes, and systematically G-Town, have their own inadmissible and truly bigoted stereotypes including the ever-present Intellectual Snobbery, the lines tend to be drawn on the shore of society: perpetually under threat of being washed away by the tides of change. And it is upon this shore where I hope one day to encounter Me, and together we can philosophically discuss the condition of the world's "Lost and Found" ads - just Me, Myself and I.

Studio shots by Hugh Ellis

M.I.A





## One Stop shop

### ESAU MATHOPE

The establishment of the Student Bureau, a one stop shop for most students' problems, has prompted a demarcation of duties between the offices that deal with students affairs. Dr Motara, the Dean of Students, is now officially your "Minister of Welfare", while Dr Fourie, the University Registrar, is the Chief Executive Officer of the Operations at the new Ebrahim Student Bureau Building.

Dr Motara's responsibilities are in the area of students well-being, which include hiccups in residences and development of policies which affect students (especially those who are in res). This "welfare" portfolio, as a visibly unamused Motara pointed out, covers areas such as the catering and housekeeping, SRC Resport, Oppidan Union, Residence Wardens and Code of Conduct. To alleviate administrative havoc, the post of the Dean of Wardens has been scrapped, announced Motara.

Included in Dr Fourie's department would be things like academic administration, residence allocation and admissions. This, in turn, implies that students would basically walk into the bureau and walk out of it with most of their problems solved. "The only exception would be things like acquiring a dallas chip" added Dr Fourie. Students are encouraged to get used to the idea of heading straight towards the Student Bureau the first time around whenever they experience difficulties, as opposed to running around from pillar to post like headless chickens.

Meanwhile, Dr Fourie brushed aside all suggestions that this new arrangement might create tensions between his office and Dr Motara's office. "I don't think there would be an overlap of duties at all" a determined Dr Fourie insisted. Dr Fourie also assured ACTIVATE that all students will be given an information brochure about the services offered by the Bureau to quell any misunderstandings.

Our team went to do a thorough inspection of the workings of the Student Bureau earlier this week and found one of the Student Assistants (surprise, surprise), Papi Mothibi, ex-President of the SRC, busy at work. "Things are running pretty well in this building, everything is OK!", an enthusiastic Papi said as he was busy consulting with enquirers. Papi also expressed the sombre mood brought about by the passing away of Mrs Allen, formerly a Faculty Officer for Humanities. "The Registrar strategically restructured the office to close the gap and now everything is back to normality" he added.

## SRC at your service, for a change...

### ESAU MATHOPE

Student Representative councils prior to 1994 had an adversarial approach towards university authorities

because they fulfilled a certain political role. But the post 1994-SRC's need a radical change of attitude if the want to stay abreast with current tertiary-related issues. This can be achieved by adopting a whole new holistic and relevant strategy when dealing with the university administrators. This is what Thabang Moleko, the Y2K SRC President perceives as the key towards improving the profile of the SRC amongst students and academics. In his first exclusive interview with ACTIVATE since being elected to this high powered position, Thabang revealed that the SRC will embark on a campaign to market the SRC. He also reassured that the present councillors are all equipped with negotiation skills to deal with boardroom politics, a prime feature of the Admin-SRC relations.

But everything else is doomed to fail if students don't recover from the chronic apathy which has plagued Rhodes for the past few years. Although he believes that students can redeem themselves from this ignorancy fuelled problem, Thabang doesn't think that apathy is a Rhodes problem. With the paradigmatic change brought about by the political dispensation, most university SRC's around the country are facing the same problem. He quipped that at the end of the day, it is not the SRC which is going to endure the catastrophic consequences of apathy, but the students. "If students don't work with us to sort out the debacles around issues like sups, the appalling quality of res food, that most students are bound to be at the receiving end". He passionately expressed his wish for students to take few minutes of their time every day to look at issues affecting them and contact the SRC if necessary.

Thabang also explained that there are big and small scale problems that he faces as the president. One of these being the alleged internal rifts within the SRC. South African Students Congress (SASCO) and Azanian Students Congress (AZASCO) normally don't tow the same line. "SRC is basically a contestant body". He added by saying that a policy of appeasement in such a structure is close to impossible as there will always be groups which would feel ostracised. In line with the new marketing campaign to raise awareness amongst students concerning the SRC, the Y2K SRC has committed itself to move beyond petty squabbles. "Our aim is to be responsible, accessible and maintain an open door policy at all times" he explained.

Thabang refused to concede that the SRC reputation is as bad as some groups have urged. He said that the SRC has done some incredible things in the past but a general trend has always been to voice concerns when something goes wrong - thereby denying the SRC of the credit they deserve. The market campaign involves some goals that the SRC has set for itself to achieve. These are getting students to be involved, giving "back what we took from the community" by encouraging students to take part in community projects in the townships as well as enhancing the profile of the SRC through delivery. For the new students, Thabang promised that they will ensure that the "academics deal with academic work" as well as improving the quality of students' lives by offering them life skills, AIDS information work-

shops, etc.

In keeping with the "open door" policy, this ageless B.Comm (Accounts) students has committed himself to deal with students problems as they arise 24 hours a day. He can be contacted though the SRC, by appointment, or via e-mail: president@src.ru.ac.za

## Y2K

### Esau Mathope

It is all systems go for those of us who are computer inclined or depend on computers for their studies. All the public computer labs are Y2K compliant and should work well as soon as new students register and get their usernames and passwords. Old students just need to register and Jackal system will recognise them as pre-millennium users without hassles.

Guy Halse, the Information Technology's Systems Administrator who is in charge of the Jacaranda labs as well as the high tech Eden Grove labs, outlined the new mailing system that has been installed in Jac Labs. "Because Jackal was temperamental, we decided to stop using the Novell system to deliver emails to students and switched to IMAP", Guy added. He also explained that old students would get both Jackal and IMAP passwords. Meanwhile, the new students need only worry about making the IMAP password their second nature. Both the login passwords and the Rhodes Student On-line Service passwords would be issued at the Student Bureau on the day of registration.

Students will also welcome the news of the new, state of the art, fast loading computer lab at Eden Grove. As the new system that the IT has installed at the news lab is not compatible with the old one, both the new and the old operating systems had to run concurrently, according to Halse. The software image is identical in all the labs, except that some specific alterations for certain labs have to be done. The Eden Grove computer labs, as Halse promised, should start working unofficially towards the end of the week, though the official opening will happen latter.

## New Computer equipment for CCPS

### ACTIVATE Reporter

The Rhodes/MTN Centre for Crime Prevention Studies (CCPS), a unit attached to the Psychology Department, has received one of the most advanced computer software programme in the world. This grant is a godsend as this would boost the war on crime in a country's whose crime statistics are alarming. The computer equipment is worth about R20 million and was donated by the attorney general of the American State of Washington.

The programme is known as Homicide Investigation and Tracking System (HITS). HITS can process millions of data base records and hundreds of variables in minutes, instantly providing police with information on known criminals. The second phase of assistance would be in the form of training crime analysts at the CCPS by US

## Welcome to Rhodes from the vice chancellor, Dr David Woods

Welcome to Rhodes University and to a very exciting phase in your life. What you achieve at Rhodes will have a major impact on your future career. I hope that you will have a most enjoyable, rewarding and fulfilling experience at Rhodes. However, this will be up to you as you are now on your own and choosing your own course. Please make full use of the all excellent facilities and opportunities that are available at Rhodes. At Rhodes we have the most favourable staff: student ratio of any community. Make sue of this advantage and interact with the staff. A Rhodes education is more obtaining a degree certificate and involves the development of the whole person. We are able to do this because of the access to leadership, cultural and sporting opportunities. Please make full use of these facilities and develop yourself to your full potential as a scholar, leader and team player.

Good luck for 2000

## Briefs

- Welcome to the Rhodes Library! We hope you will spend a lot of your time in the Library over the next few years and would like to introduce you to some of the available services. Please have a look at the Library web page. Apart from basic information about the Library such as opening hours, facilities, etc. and access to the Rhodes library computer catalogue (OPAC), we have an interactive section which we encourage you to explore.

- A Domestic Violence Unit (DVU) is a community legal aid programme developed by the Rhodes' Legal Aid Clinic to assist with the enforcement of women and children's legal rights to protection from domestic violence. The unit will come handy as violence in the home is very common in the Eastern Cape, according to DVU project co-ordinator, Mavuyi Masiza. The unit is funded by the European Union and can assist victims of domestic violence to obtain protection order. This in turn will ensure that the abuser is arrested or even be forced to pay if the victim decides to claim damages for personal injury or loss suffered. This would be facilitated by the provisions of the Domestic Violence Act implemented in December 1999. The unit will be formally launched at the Grahamstown magistrate's

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WELCOME TO GRAHAMSTOWN



# Getting it

**With old world attitudes coming under increasing fire the world Rhodes Campus, the regimented male/female divisions may with the case for an integrated res system.**



Our recently departed 20th century saw the battle of the sexes go thermonuclear, then simmer into a sort of cold war of gender role definition, finally reaching a rough armistice by which most were happy to declare we are all human. It's pretty much accepted these days that men and women interact as equals with different needs. Increasingly though, the lines of the arena are getting faded, and the unisex battle-cry is getting louder in various quarters, and the gender blind bathrooms in Ally Mcbeal and Demi Moore screaming "suck my dick" in GI Jane are just the beginning.

Universities across the world have, as always, provided a kind of social test drive for the unisex perspective, and one of the key areas where they've done so is in terms of their residence communities.

Across the globe, from the rolling lawns of the American Ivy League to the cosmopolitan shores of Australia, the concept of an integrated residence system has become a hallmark of modern student existence. As yet, those who reign over South African student life have kept to an older-school formula of Segregated residences, intervisiting curfews and harsh penalties for couples caught in violation (the Rhodes University code lists such as an expulsion-worthy offense). Are they right? Are we ready for an alternative? Is there reason or impetus to put guys next door to girls? Subject everyone to the melodramatics of unisex bathrooms? Why the hell do the bunch across the oceans go for this kind of gender collision in the first place?

A lot of it's got to do with the negative socialising mechanisms that come as a bonus to single sex environments. The arguments run pretty similarly to the arguments against single sex schools. Take the perspective of Wendy Kaminer, a graduate of the all-women Smith College, a long-standing proponent of the notion that women function better without males as a distraction. Here Wendy describes the gender-role attitudes at work in the all girls' institutions:

"Social mores on campus reflected this embrace of traditional gender roles, since males and females existed for each other as dates, objects of desire, not classmates. In protecting young women from the attractions and distractions of men, single-sex schools can unwittingly contribute to their sexual objectification. There interactions between the sexes are primarily romantic, not collegial -- and collegiality is crucial to social equality. Laws against sexual harassment may not be nearly as effective in preventing it as the daily experiences of men working with competent, intelligent female colleagues."

Though a more extreme example than Rhodes, the main argument still sticks. If you barricade every stu-

dent that arrives into testosterone and oestrogen loaded fortresses, guys and girls are going to be inclined to see the opposite sex in terms of their shag-ability rather than their qualities as people. As much as you can argue that daily experience on campus is sexually integrated, a lot of that can get compromised when the place you spend the main part of your varsity life is dominated by one set of gender perspectives.

Res rules that tend to demonise sexual conduct don't help much either. There is heaps of evidence to suggest that especially in late adolescence the perception of something being forbidden has this annoying tendency to popularise it. A TIME magazine special on adolescent sexuality reflects, alongside an earlier sense of sexual maturity in teenagers as regards single partners and contraception, an addiction to what is cast as forbidden fruit. To quote one teenager named in a related piece on sex education: "I know of two people who had sex just because they had been told so much not to do it". Basically, modern teenagers get into sex because they're told they can't and hence develop into sexually responsible adults at a far faster rate than they ever have before. Though these studies are done in an overseas context, we have to bear in mind that the our media-drunk generation shares a lot more with young folk the world over than our parents ever did.

At the very bloody least, a reconsideration of the attitudes towards inter-gender legislation on this campus is in order. SRC President Thabang Moleko outlines his perspective on the residence system. "The residence rules system needs to become more liberated. The whole boarding house approach that seems to be in effect does not give you the responsibility you deserve as an adult. The rules are in place to protect you from making certain so-called mistakes, but when the majority of your res population is over 18, people should be given a chance to make their own decisions. Signing-in books and intervisiting hours are practices that need to be reviewed."

Thabang pointed out to us that a residence rules overhaul has been on the agenda for years, but the lack of a set deadline and time frame have kept things stagnant.

One of the great battle cries of admin concerning this issue has been that they're trying to protect young women from uncomfortable or dangerous situations. If that means preventing sexual harassment,





# together

over, a lot of sacred cows are getting toasted. In the case of well be one of them. Jak Koseff gets up close and personal

there are already red lights as to whether the present system doesn't, in fact inadvertently do the opposite. But obviously one of their prime concerns is keeping rapists out of the halls. Since no one's questioning the need for security systems that keep any psycho from strolling into res, the real issue here is date rape.

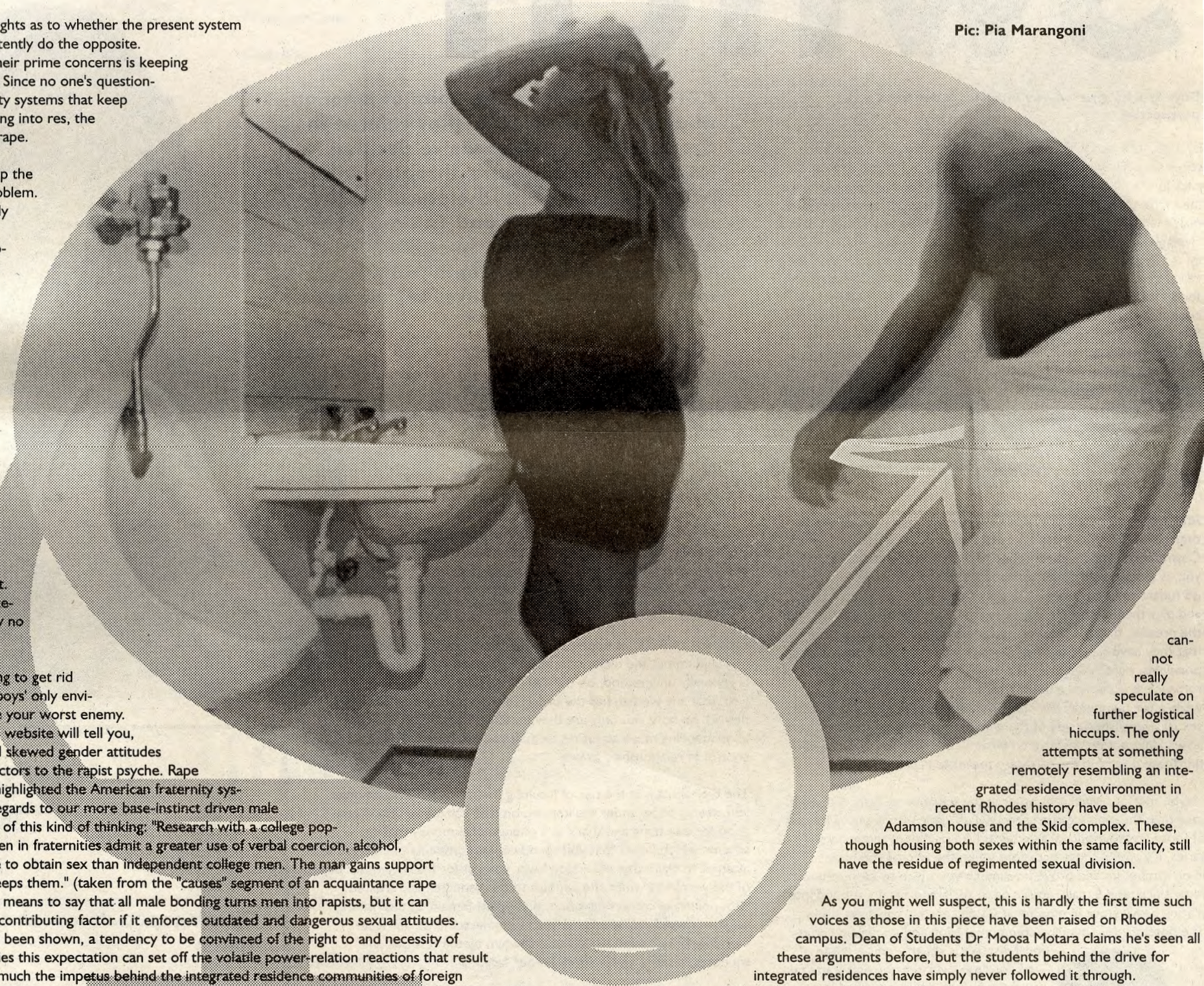
The assumption is: keep the boys out, avoid the problem. Sorry people, that's only true in a very shallow sense. Firstly, what happens on the ground is that girls who don't keep exclusive female company after midnight wind up either in guys' reses where the rules are less enforced or in far less secure situations off campus. As one outgoing subwarden quipped when I mentioned this article to him last year: "Walk the halls of any guys' res after midnight. We already have an integrated res system, only no one admits it."

Secondly, if you're trying to get rid of the rapist mindset, boys' only environments could just be your worst enemy. As any rape awareness website will tell you, miscommunication and skewed gender attitudes are key contributing factors to the rapist psyche. Rape educators have often highlighted the American fraternity system, similar in many regards to our more base-instinct driven male residences, as hotbeds of this kind of thinking: "Research with a college population showed that men in fraternities admit a greater use of verbal coercion, alcohol, and mild physical force to obtain sex than independent college men. The man gains support for his attitudes and keeps them." (taken from the "causes" segment of an acquaintance rape website). This is by no means to say that all male bonding turns men into rapists, but it can obviously be a heavily contributing factor if it enforces outdated and dangerous sexual attitudes. If there is, as has often been shown, a tendency to be convinced of the right to and necessity of sex, a woman that defies this expectation can set off the volatile power-relation reactions that result in rape. This is pretty much the impetus behind the integrated residence communities of foreign shores, and the reason Dartmouth College in Massachusetts recently outlawed the single sex fraternity system, despite virulent initial protest from the students. Ironically, it is the unspoken (and ridiculous) assumption that just about every male is a date-rapist waiting for a chance that lets the more conservative elements amongst us run the kind of scare campaign that keeps our residences segregated. There are of course significant negative consequences of instituting an integrated res environment.

Students from religious or conservative backgrounds have historically lodged virulent objections to what they see as the indecent nature of integrated environments. In 1998, five Jewish Yale students undertook a major court-case against their university on just these grounds. Yale's policy forces students to live in dorms for the course of their study, and integrated dorms at that. The five students were highly religious and claimed the dorms prevented them from fulfilling their religious obligations to modesty, as well as exposing them to what one of the students described as "living in sin." The case sparked nation-wide debate in the states across a wide range of areas, not the least of which was how to reconcile religious rights within an avowedly inclusive student environment. The fact is, there are ways to play it by everyone's rules. Single sex floors are a prime example. Separate bathrooms can still be in place. Maintain certain residences as single sex, if necessary. The fact is, an awareness of commonalities fuels tolerance and generally solves more problems in the long run than it causes.

Finally, there are the logistics of the situation. Though many might claim the alterations necessary would be staggering, the fact is that the vast majority of the residences on this campus actually become integrated when they open for festival accommodation. The fact is, until the idea is seriously considered, we

Pic: Pia Marangoni



can-not really speculate on further logistical hiccups. The only attempts at something remotely resembling an integrated residence environment in recent Rhodes history have been Adamson house and the Skid complex. These, though housing both sexes within the same facility, still have the residue of regimented sexual division.

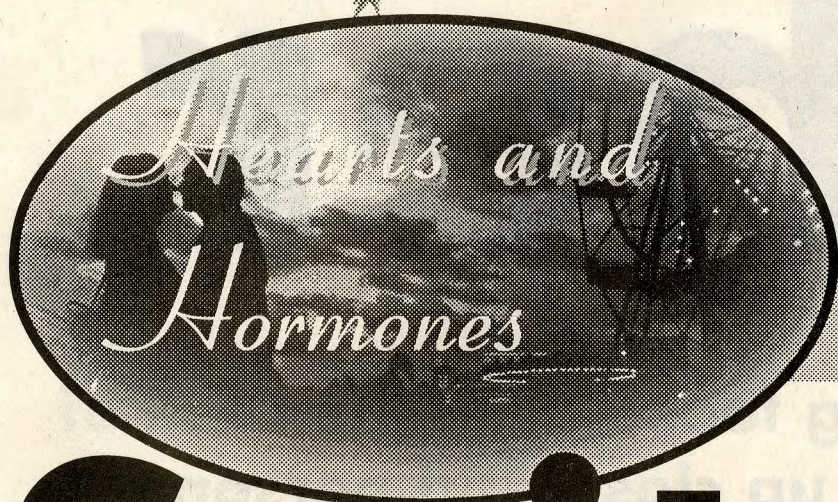
As you might well suspect, this is hardly the first time such voices as those in this piece have been raised on Rhodes campus. Dean of Students Dr Moosa Motara claims he's seen all these arguments before, but the students behind the drive for integrated residences have simply never followed it through.

"Ultimately," says Motara, "It's the students' decision. If a democratic vote on the issue produces a majority in favour, I will support the students to the hilt, no matter how many friends I lose. This would, of course, still have to be presented to the board of residences."

In conclusion I have to note that researching this piece was like reading a travelogue of another universe, a universe where universities have had gender codes for a decade, integrated residences for longer, where the questions they ask these days are way, way beyond where we are in the sexual equity game. The Brown University branch of the American Civil Liberties Union is currently running a campaign to get their universities to sanction opposite sex room-mate pairings. One college website after another takes the concept of integrated res systems as a complete given. One cannot help but feel that some of the attitudes towards gender roles at Rhodes belong in another century, and I don't mean the 20th. There are several questions that will face this campus this decade, many will haunt us for several to come. We have to ask ourselves how long we will see our female students as chaste and demure and our male students as rapists-in-waiting. Surely, nearly 100 years after Pankhurst and the suffragettes, our concept of sexual equity should be a lot more advanced. The questions raised on these pages demand answering and soon.

**Let's get this shit democratic. Place your vote for or against integrated res systems at <http://activate.ru.ac.za>**





## Special Feature

**ACTIVATE'S handy guide on how to take valentine's day less seriously**

# Switch

**Boys Will be girls - A guy imagines V-day from a girl's perspective**

First off, let's face it. The 90's didn't just breeze past sexual consciousness. They re-rigged the entire system. Once upon a time, back in the 80's, you could count on guys taking the lead, sending the cards, doing the romancing. But then came post-feminism, the male identity crisis and Ally McBeal. So the rules as a woman have changed. You now have the right to be blatantly horny and predatory as a woman, and you have to deal with guys who can't always be relied on to think with their hormones. Basically, if you're angling for a man of the modern age, getting yourself objectified as a sexual conquest is gonna be difficult. Chances are any male who lived the 90's male experience fully is probably gonna be either too emotionally hung-up for a one night stand, or gay. Fortunately, should you just be out to sate your addiction to cheap thrills, there's plenty of males who live nostalgically in romantic terms. They'll still get hopelessly pissed and desperate to slip their appendages into whatever presents itself. Especially when a grand excuse for such, like Valentine's Day, presents itself. A few well honed female wiles will get you anything you're after in that department. Unfortunately, that's too simple.

Any healthy romantic predator always wants that which it seems they cannot have. This can be frustrating, but since everyone from Cosmo to feminist web-sites has got you pretty certain sex, for you, is a delectable option as opposed to the perceived necessity it's meant to be for males, you get to play some very funky games and play them with a clearer head than your opponent/target. Hold the presses, though. Yes woman can now be honest about the fact that they have sexual desires. Doesn't mean you don't have certain principles, right? Valentine's Day is, after all, cast as a celebration of romance, and romance doesn't happen in dark pub corners. So, while a fair number of Rhodents will be selling themselves on the sexual smorgasbord side of the whole exercise, you may well have a very different perspective on what all the fluffy teddy-bears and third-rate poetry in the cards are meant to represent.

Maybe there's a significant other in the equation already. If that's the case then the whole game changes. February 14th is gonna be one of those great emotional acid tests. Like birthdays and anniversaries, it's one of those occasions when the two of you have to cash in on symbolism and prove how much you mean to each other. Now since, as a female, you've been socialised since girl-hood into placing heavy stock in emotional set pieces, this could get tricky. The potential for sparkling commemoration and unqualified emotional disaster is roughly equal. If one of

you goes too over-the-top and starts taking the whole thing way seriously, you might force the other into a stage of relationship re-definition they just aren't ready for. If either of you underplay it all too much, those horrible questions of personal worth and the great "Do I really matter enough to this schmuck/bitch" dilemma are bound to be addressed to the mirror the next morning. Add to this the fact that any highly anticipated occasion is heavily loaded with anti-climax potential (cast your mind back to the millennium celebrations), and you begin to sense that this particular social ritual can be hazardous to one's emotional health. Good luck, girls.

**ACTIVATE is sick, to the point of emotional diabetes, of trying to play referee in the battle of sexes, so we've decided to let them at each others' throats - with a twist. In an act of psychological cross-dressing, Jak Koseff and Tamara Kenny have written how they imagine Valentine's day must seem from the opposite sex's perspective. Let the games begin...**

**Girls Will be boys - A girl imagines V-day from a guy's perspective**

"Girl Power" cried the Spice Girls, and suddenly, all the women in the world under the age of sixteen tore off their training bras and set them ablaze. Four years down the line and they're all grown up, suckled on the ideology that women rule supreme, and are itching to take over. The only problem with this, of course, is that other than on some dominatrix-submissive level, the male species seem to have been cast aside for the up and coming Queens of society.

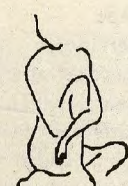
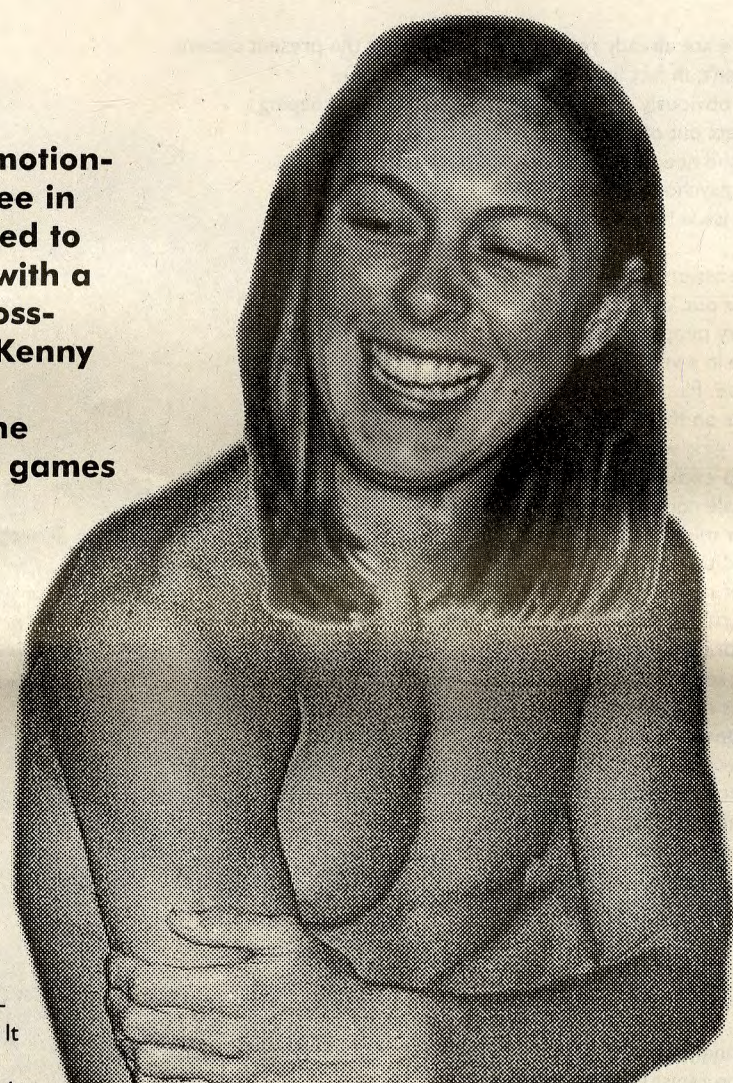
February 14, 2000, is bound to be the lowest point for the spiralling plummet the majority of males' egos seem to be taking. It is generally understood, on the day of the Cherub every leap year, that any woman has the ordained right to claim the man she desires. So now, not only are they invading the Old Boy's Clubs and understanding more about rugby than you do, they are also seizing control of relationships as well.

The typical man, at the risk of insulting the more sensitive amongst you, seems to be under the impression that Valentines Day is only good for one thing and that's as a phenomenal money-making scheme which insists that you spend copious amounts of cash in an attempt to claim that ol' fashion lovin' you get for free any other day of the year. And whilst she expects to be respected and treated with politically correct devotion, the typical female, at the risk of insulting myself, still wants her man to understand the intricate workings of her mind while she grabs him by the testicles and squeezes, a sickly sweet smirk on her face.

The question that now begs to be asked is exactly what role are you supposed to play in her life, if she can do everything for herself. And, has it all changed so much.

Constantly expected to be mind-readers, fashion consultants, clairvoyants and confidants, many of you have felt the stinging hand of female disappointment on your cheek and have stared blankly at the tears which she deliberately squeezes out in an attempt to make you feel like a first-rate toss, simply because you failed to comprehend the importance of that three millimetre hair cut she just had. Couldn't she at least come up with a more original and convincing response?

But all this theoretical crap aside, there is basically one thing on the mind of the horny and highly undersexed male student out for fresh meat and a good time on Valentines Day: the kill. This year, though, it may be a little different, buddy: you're the prey and the chicks just figured out that the multiple orgasm is very real. You may want to put on your running shoes now. With a ratio of close to 3 women to every man, you may find yourself a very tired little boy.



## Beauty Clinic

Grahamstown Pharmacy  
117 High Street  
Tel: 622-7116  
Cel: 082-376-3922

### Opening specials for February - March

- ☛ Sunbed: 10 sessions for R100.00
- ☛ With every full facial a free sunbed session at R95.00
- ☛ Eyelash & brow tint for only R20.00

### Beauty treatments

Facials  
Manicures & Pedicures  
Eyelash & Eyebrow Tints  
Waxing  
Aromatherapy Massage  
Bridal package available

SUNBED



# Valentine's Day Signatures

**People I slept with**

**People I wanted to sleep with who rejected me**

**People I sent cards to in the hopes of seducing**

**People I settled for but claimed I was drunk the next morning**

**Space for drawing people I slept with whose names I cannot remember**

**People who I did not have the guts to send cards to**

**People who sent cards to me which I secretly laughed at**



# Know thy mixer!

1

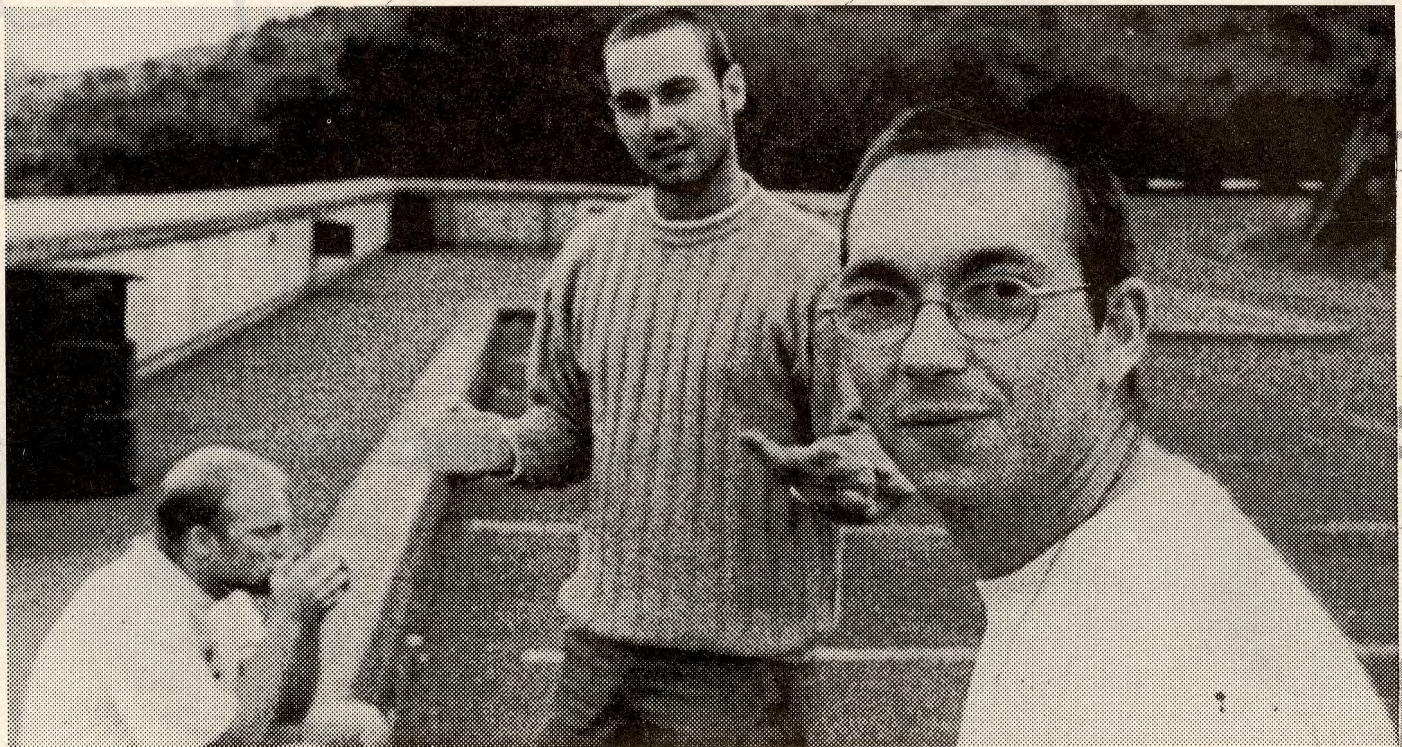


radio

Midnight in Grahamstown. The exams are all but over, and there is a lone DJ on RMR, playing tunes in the forlorn hope that the three remaining students are listening. Because RMR is bankrupt, they only broadcast until 11:30, but the security guy has failed to persuade this guy to leave - Toast Coetzer is in a zone, and, by Jupiter, this is what radio is supposed to be about. The first time I heard his show remains distinct in my mind - he introduced me to Tom Waits, did most of the broadcast from beneath the desk in the studio, and featured some random bloke who rang up to show off the variety of farting sounds that his computer could generate. A fitting introduction to a man who says conventional radio bores him, and advised us not to buy his CD from the "capitalist bastards" over at Musica.

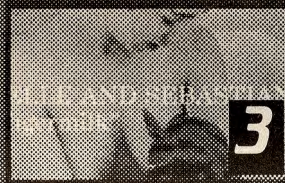
Toast, one third of the Buckfever Underground, new teaching assistant in the Journ department and most of the reason why white boys don't rap, is as integral to the Grahamstown airwaves as suppressed homosexuality to a drinking club. The Buckfever have recently "gone a little deeper Underground", due to the recent graduation of Gill Marcus, but Toast assures us that they will continue to create the, uuhhhh, distinctive sounds that can be bought on CD at Sublime, only R40-00, ra ra ree, support our boys, etc. An SL reviewer called them "fucking great" and they even got a mention in the Mail and Guardian after a year that included appearances at Oppikoppi and the Klein Karoo Kunsfees.

So why should you listen to his show every Sunday from 10pm to 1am? Well, apart from being everything we wanted Barney Simon to be, the man has an encyclopaedic knowledge of music, South African music in particular (Fetish and the Nude Girls). He is funny in an Afrikaans way, and just good intelligent entertainment.



The Buckfever Underground, having tea on the westside

pic: Kytie Koekblik



Just sa

## Splitting Reels

Film :

THE SIXTH SENSE-  
the darker side of real life

XLWLWYN WALSH

This dark and fascinating movie is moving enough to captivate even the hardest and most cynical of moviegoers. The film is well made, moves at the perfect pace and is altogether enjoyable. However, this is not the film to take notes in - the plot, although intriguing, is full of holes. Much of the action is implausible (yeah-I know it's poets fantasy), despite the realistic penetration of a child's imagination, or rather, his connection with the supernatural world. This could have been yet another hashing of Hollywood's favourite "it" topic of mysticism, mystery and the inexplicable. Instead, the movie steers clear of the pitfalls associated with the thriller genre.

The screenplay sensitively, and possibly uniquely, enters the realm of a child's belief, and for once the result is not a corny, adult contrivance of the boundless realities of the world we just don't see. Haley Lee Osment plays the disturbed young boy who has a bond with the things "normal" people don't see. He is haunted constantly by what we call "ghosts" and his perceptions of whispers and movements of the dimensions are chilling and compelling.

Toni Collette and Bruce Willis give excellent performances and, even if the movie is to be judged on Willis's startlingly sensitive portrayal of a child psychologist with issues, it is worthwhile. It is perhaps his most mature role - departing from his burnt out hardcore image of the past.

The cinematography is lush, the costumes and make up effects are commendable, but it is Osment's performance that will have you thinking about this young boy for days after watching him.

## Roxbury theatre Schedule

5

Forthcoming attractions :

Boondock Saints  
Drop Dead Gorgeous  
The Insider (Al Pacino)  
Whole Nine Yards (Bruce Willis)

All shows R13 except 8pm - R14  
Shows at 3pm, 5:30pm, 8pm and 10:30pm Daily

The Activate Guide to what, when, how  
(You can)

## Review this

Toast Coetzer

Super Furry Animals  
Guerrilla  
Creation/Sony

Welshmen, can't take them anywhere or they do something ridiculous. This album has it all: pop, punk, funk, groove, you name it. Innovation is the name of the game, as SFA fucks with the formula, rapes the structure and still manage to make one of the finest albums you've heard in ages. 'Northern Lites' is pop made in '69, 'Fire In My Heart' is a love song for real people and if 'Some Things Come From Nothing' doesn't take you three yards short of spontaneous disembowelment, then you have no idea what music is meant for.

Neat sample lyric: "Wherever I lay my phone that's my home." Indeed.  
Rating: 9/10.

Belle & Sebastian  
Tigermilk  
Jeepster/Electric Honey

This, their debut album, is four years old, but only recently available on CD in this country. Original vinyl copies go for R2500, so B&S obviously made some good noises from the start. It's soothing music, pop by denomination, but not by nature. Add breathy vocals, sweeping backing and lyrics like "The girl's using me as a punching bag ... but the girl's got a lot to be mad about" and you've got a band that won a Brit Award last year. They're not the Beatles, but then again, neither are the Beta Band. Exciting and great for Sundays.

Ace sample lyric: "When the first cup of coffee tastes like washing up, you know she's losing it." Innit?  
Rating: 7/10.

Fetish  
So Many Prophets  
Virgin

For those who haven't been redeemed by Michelle Breeze yet, this will come as a very firm finger stirring the shit in your medulla oblongata, or whatever. It starts out harsh, but by the time Farrel Adams adds his guest vocals to 'A Reel's Romance', you will be taken, you will have surrendered to the sheer beauty of it, every loop will rope you in. Fetish is our best band. Ever. It's simple: they play like their sanity depends on it, Breeze sings like the songs are her sanity and the result is a definite danger to your own sanity. Submit to it, you'll feel better in the morning. This album saved my life once.

Bullet-like sample lyric: "You don't know what you're dealing with." You have, in fact, no idea.  
Rating: 9/10.

2

3

4



# Mission: Munchies

Rated in number of res meals worth unbooking

## SNACKSHOPS

Juice Bar - Veggie Haven 7/10

BP Express Shop - For all night supplies 9/10

Comma - Great for snacks between lectures 6/10

Kaif - Accesible and near pool 4/10

Day Kaif - Great place to bunk lectures 6/10

The Block House - (near Eden Grove) Feel good food 7/10

Sublime - Tres Arty. Journ and Drama student territory. 8/10

Paula's Bakery - Fresh baked stuff daily. Also pies and wonderfully decadent pastries. 6.5/10

Bambi's - Has always been there. Alas, so has the food 4/10

Home Industries - for home-sick boere-kindlers 6/10

## RESTAURANTS

Gino's - Pricey. Great for first dates and parental visits 8/10

Calabash - Distract parents by sending them there. 6/10

Rat & Parrot - Satisfy cravings for pub grub. 7/10

Peppers/Dragon Pearl - Save time and energy by ordering food over bar 6/10

Zorbas - Soak up the atmosphere. Try not to break too many plates. 7/10

La Galleria - Never on a student budget. 9/10 (That's the food)

Die Taphuis - for self-mobilised carnivores (not for veggies or pedestrians) 7.5/10

The Cockhouse - A touch of class is a prerequisite 9.5/10

Guido's - One portion enough for three meals. Go in large groups. 7/10

## PIZZA JOINTS

Tuesday's - Open 'til 2 am. On campus. 5/10

Posh Pizza - Old faithful. You'll be drunk by the time you get to the pizza anyway. 7/10

## COFFEE SHOPS

Mad Hatters - Trippily Bohemian. Food as funky as decor. Try the cheesecake. 8.5/10

Blue Room - A Grahamstown institution. Drink the funky coffees. Play scrabble. Draw stuff. 8/10

The Little Coffee Shop - Student friendly prices. huge portions. 6/10

The Copper Kettle - They deliver. 5/10

Pick A Choc - Cheap coffee and cake 4/10

Friends - Check out weekly specials. Ignore copy-right infringement. 6.5/10

## IN A CLASS OF IT'S OWN

Settler's - Sunday morning breakfasts. Just go through the night. Worth it. 10/10

## HOME TOWN FAVOURITES

Debonairs, Steers, King Pie, Wimpy, Dulces

## WATERING HOLES

(Rated in number of drinks necessary to have a good time)

Grumpy's - Cheap booze. Much lunacy. 8

Peppers - Forget the beers. Go for shooters. 8

Rat and Parrot - Get there early. 8

Pop Art - Cathedral of Bohemianism 3 (Drugs not included)

Kolors - For refugees from the student social scene. 10+

The Union - The curtain-raiser for any drunken night. Your friends will drag you there. 10

The Vic - You'll feel like the people your parents warned you about. Get there after midnight. 8

Champs - For pool playing marathons and televised sports events. 6

# Know

4



5

where, with whom, how many, how much...  
(figure out the rest)

## O-week Timetable

Date	am/pm	Time	Events & Locations
Mon 14 Feb	am	9h00	Walking tours and talk
	pm	17h00	Movies (Zoo Minor)
	pm	20h00	Union Valentine Party
Tues 15 Feb	pm	19h00	Movies (Zoo Minor)
	pm	20h00	Union Pyjama Party
Wed 16 Feb	pm	15h00	Pool Party
	pm	19h00	Movies (Zoo Minor)
	pm	20h00	Union Foam Party
Thurs 17 Feb	pm	21h00	Movies (Zoo Minor)
	pm	19h00- 21h00	Talent show (Sports, Union)
	pm	21h00	Union International Theme Party
Fri 18 Feb	pm		Woman's walk and SAP
	pm	20h00	Union Double Dance floor Party
Sat 19 Feb	am	9h00 - 12h30	Craftmarket
	pm	13h00	Kaif Lawns Luncheon
	pm	20h00	Great Hall Welcome Party
Sun 20 Feb	am	10h00	Sports Day
	pm	17h00	Sports Day
	pm	19h00	Movies (GLT)

## O-week

## Church groups' Timetable

### NO COMPROMISE

"Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy pleasures of him for a season"

Hebrews 11 vs 25

Join the Christians on campus for fun-filled, good-for-you fellowship. Come and catch the drama, dance, praise and worship, talks, testimonies, braai and coffee bar.

WHEN: Mon 14th Feb - Sat 19th Feb  
WHERE: Resource Centre (Union Building)  
TIME: 7pm 'till late

For more information please contact: Gareth Lowe 622 3426  
Jason Still 622 8022

## Sports Orientation Programme 18th - 27th

(First years take note)

**Basketball:** 18th 14:00 3 on 3 @ Alec Mullins  
19th 12:00 3 on 3 @ Alec Mullins  
26th 14:00 3 on 3 @ Alec Mullins (Indoor & Outdoor)

**Cricket:** 19th 11:00 RUI vs Cambridge @ Great Field

**Chess** 21st 14:00-17:00 King of Board @ Kaif Lawns  
23rd 14:00-16:00 Blitz Championships @ Kaif Lawns  
25th 14:00-16:00 Doubles Competition @ Kaif Lawns

**Flyfishing:** 19th 14:00-16:00 flyfishing demonstrations, followed by flytying and drinks. @ Old sports bar, next to Great field.

**Golf:** 19th 14:00-17:00 @ golf club  
25th 15:00 Friday Fun Competition @ Golf Club

**Hockey:** 19th 16:00-17:30 seven a side tournament. @ Astro turf  
20th 10:00 RUMI vs Pirates 'B' @ Astro turf  
11:30 RU Thistles vs Hume Park @ Astro turf

**Ladies Soccer:** 19th 18:00-20:00 seven a side tournament. @ King Field  
21st 14:00-18:00 7-a-side inter-res @ King Field (behind tennis courts)

**Mountain Club** 22nd 18:00-21:00 Open climbing practice @ Alec Mullins  
24th 18:00-21:00 Open climbing practice @ Alec Mullins  
26th 14:00 Climbing @ Alec Mullins  
27th introductory hike & climb to Mountain Drive

**Rifle** 26th 10:30 fun shoot

**Table Tennis** 24th 19:00-22:00 Fun social tournament @ Aerobics Hall

**Tennis:** 12th 12:00 RUM vs UPE (tennis courts)  
18th 15:00 1st years round robbin (tennis courts)  
25th 17:00 Social tennis, followed by drinks

**Squash** 22nd 16:00-18:00 Fun Knock @ Alec Mullins (Drinks @ Cowpat)  
24th 16:00-18:00 New-comer's tournament @ Alec Mullins (Drinks @ Cowpat)

**Volleyball** 23rd 17:00-19:00 Open practice @ Alec Mullins Hall  
25th 17:00 Social Volleyball @ Beach Court  
26th 9:00-16:00 Beach Volleyball tournament @ Beach Court & Great Field

**SRC Sports Day:** 20th Feb  
21st -27th: Sports awareness Week  
Sports Evening: 29th February, 19:00.



# The Bastard Diaries



Shit hey. Gotta happen. You might have heard of it: orientation week, sex and alcohol and how they go together. And hello to the virgin Mary in the corner. My advice to you here might sound naïve and hypocritical. Do I follow it myself? Is it based on firsthand experience? Hell knows, this place invokes strange fiction. Never believe anything you read anyway, it's dangerous. Here goes:

Don't have sex with someone you might not like in the morning. Don't let liquor become your excuse, or worse, your reason. Besides, it's a mission to get a grade-A hard-on when you're drunk and you don't want to be an embarrassment now do you? Always make sure she said yes first - if the decision isn't mutual it's called rape. Don't call her a girl. Use a condom, because if there ever was a way to prevent unwanted death, condom is it. If she wants you to have an HIV test first, do it - it's the finest license you will ever own. Don't feel out if you don't get laid within the first week, it took me all of 25 years. Quiet in the gallery.

And a universal truth: sex has never equaled love. Of course it should, but we also should've won

the cricket world cup and love is a bit like a run-out off the last ball. Lust is as easy as the FHM calendar, but love is harder to come by than high quality crack in the VC's office. When you get the love-bit, hold on to it, you'll know it by the smile on your face. It's the reason for us straddling these shoddy horizons.

Drink, but do so with the required skill and reservation. Don't break stuff that isn't yours; don't insult people who are bigger than you. Respect women and, in the words of Ali G, try feminism at least once. Never stand up in your stirrups, rather buck the trends.

Welcome to it if you're a first year. This education will cost you anything from R50 000 to R150 000, maybe more if you smoke too much skunk and hang by the pool too often. It's a lot of money, one could buy the Mountain Kingdom of Lesotho for that kind of sum, so appreciate it for what it might bring you: freedom of mind and movement and, by all means, skin.

Toast Coetzer tries to represent the people. Someone once thought he was a girl. He isn't. He used to be an idealist, but it didn't score him any street cred.

# A to Z of Rhodes

Psuedo Nymph

**A:** Allo, Allo - Welcome to Rhodes. Everything you're heard about Grahamstown is not only true, but completely phallic. To set the record straight (up) we're compiled an A-Z that ought to be of absolutely no use to you whatsoever.

**B:** Bacteria - The main component of res meals.

**C:** Condoms - These are freely available from the family planning, the Sanatorium and, would you believe it the Library toilets (Don't bother returning those). If you're in the mood for something kinkier, Jan Smuts offers a fine variety of the home flavoured, liquid anted, ripped range

**D:** Drinking Problems - i.e. Chipped glasses, no ice, no money, etc...

Also: Dawnies - Most people know more about what really happened at Roswell than what goes on at dawnies.

**E:** Enormous Debt - Several applications here: Its what your parents are in because they generously agreed to send you here, and it's what you'll be in if you don't drink frugally during O-week.

**F:** Fine Art and Firsts - Both of these remain nebulous quantities. My detailed research has shown Grahamstown's art to be moderate at best, and firsts to be rarer than loch Ness sightings

**G:** Gender Roles - These are traditionally inverted, converted and perverted in Grahamstown. The best places to confuse the shit out of yourself are: the Drama department steps and Women's Rowing

**H:** His People - Here we are presented with a serious freedom of speech versus freedom of Religion Dilemma. I can't think of a politically correct way to say how annoying they are. Also: Herpes - See Condoms or go to College House.

**I:** Idiots - These are that people who, in reading this A-Z, believe that Drinking, Bouncing, vomiting and sleeping, really are the only things to do in Grahamstown. BULLSHIT! We have a library with a fine selection of extremely pretentious literature.

**J:** Jocks and Jocks-chicks - (See Rat and Parrot, Gender roles) look out for people with an IQ inversely proportional to their respective body hair.

**K:** Kolors - Recently featured in Ripleys, it counts as the only Drinking establishment to have remained open for a million years without ever having had a single customer.

**L:** Lecturers - These are easy to spot. They're the one's standing at the front delivering a lecture. If it's too bright to open your eyes because of the previous night, move quietly away from the slow, non-sensical, droning noise. When it's almost inaudible and you hit a

wall, you're at the back of the lecture hall. Sit down and go sleep.

**M:** Morning - Strike this word from your vocabulary. "EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE MAKES YOU BLOODY BORING"

**N:** Nudity - A tradition in certain male residences. Little boys who usually fear nothing more than exposing their wobbly bits to the downward gaze of the fairer sex, have one too many beers and say "Hey, now there's a good idea". The rest, as they say, is laughable!

**O:** Oppidans - They're the pones who don't live in res. They'll tell you how much cheaper it is and how much happier they are. Meanwhile, back at the Digs, they're starving to death.

**P:** Public Amenities - Whether you point Percy, sit your ass down, or kneel to deposit your Tequila drenched innards during O-week ...PLEASE ... AIM!

**Q:** Quickie - There are two ways to do this. Voluntarily between lectures, in Pop Art bathrooms stalls, in the Dining Hall queue ... or alternatively ... involuntarily because you don't know any better (See Jocks).

**R:** Rat and Parrot - Home of the Jocular Commerce students of both sexes, the air permeated by smoke, frequent cromagnonesque grunts, heaving cleavage and occasional sprays of vomit.

**S:** Sanatorium - This is where you get your red swollen bits lovingly fondled by wonderful ladies who hang their watches upside down on their chests. (Also see condoms)

**T:** Tits - Little blue and yellow birds that often peck through the foil tops of milk bottles in England.

**U:** U.D.I. (Unintentional Drunken Injuries) - Not to be classified as Drinking Problems.

**V:** Virginity - The more you worry about it the less likely you are to leave without it. Wash frequently and socialise with drunk people.(See condoms)

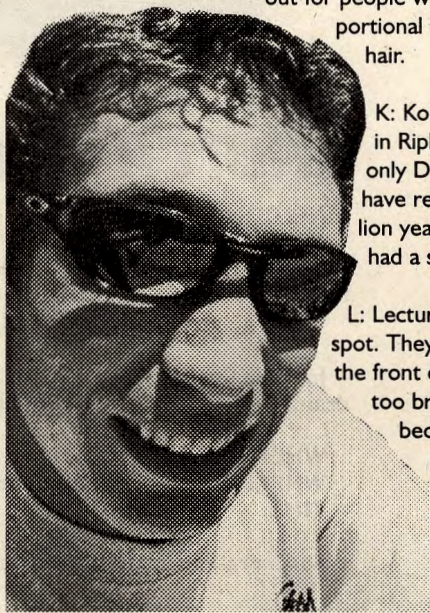
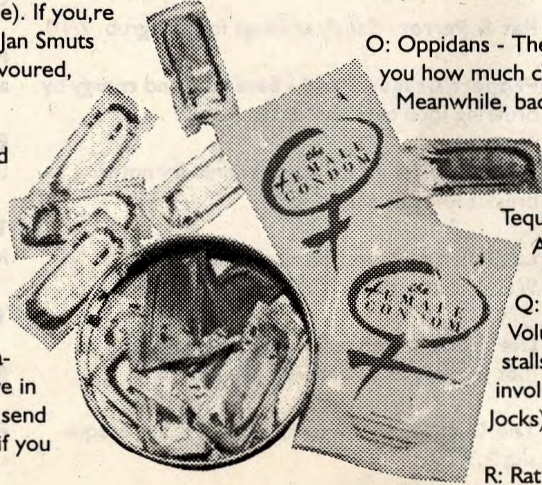
**W:** World Hunger Crisis - If you are in res, please eat your mangled Donkey and be grateful. There are countless Oppidans living off nothing but the Styrofoam in their beanbags and the occasional lentil for protein.

**X:** Xylophones, X-rays, Xenophobes - All of which are easily procured in Grahamstown. (Shut up! You think of words beginning with "X" and see how well you do!)

**Y:** "Yonder" - A fabled place you begin to crave after a while in Grahamstown. Roughly translated, it means, "Anywhere but Here!"

**Z:** Zoll - Slang term for "joint". It's a plant, which, if smoked, makes you stupid, and takes away your ability to make connections between tables and zebras.

Pics: Pia Marangoni



## HORROR Scopes

BONG BONG THE OMNISCENT

**AQUARIUS** (21 Jan - 19 Feb)  
Beware of Saturday morning. It'll start out great when you wake up in an extreme state of arousal. You will, however, soon discover that you lost the use of your hands during the night. Find an inanimate object to chat up. Refer to Leo.

**PISCES** (20 Feb - 20 March)  
Venus is rising and she's pissed. This does not bode well for your love life. Steer clear of long term relationships, short relationships, soya mince and Scorpions. Luckily this will only last for the first term. Unluckily this includes Orientation week.

**ARIES** (21 March - 20 April)  
You're a fire sign. Don't play with matches or wear nylon tracksuit pants.

**TAURUS** (21 April - 21 May)  
Your sign is the bull. Funnily enough, this is what lectures will consist of. Don't fret, there are only 40 weeks until November finals.

**GEMINI** (22 May - 22 June)  
If someone runs up to you wearing a trenchcoat, dark glasses and brandishing a secret service ID card and tells you to follow him, do it. If nothing else, it'll give your friends something to talk about at your 21st.

**CANCER** (23 June - 23 July)  
I don't see much for you ... No, hang on, here's something ... Yes. Meteorites, and lots of them. Invest in an umbrella.

**LEO** (24 July - 23 August)  
If your digsmate starts chatting up the fridge, ignore it. Do this until the discussion is over, and then dump him and the fridge outside the psych department with a note. They pay well for case studies.

**VIRGO** (24 August - 23 September)  
The best way to stop those really bad headaches is to get your Loony Tunes-obsessed neighbour to stop dropping anvils on your head.

**LIBRA** (24 September - 23 October)  
The scales are weighted against you. Not only will you have a really bad day, but your DP will be revoked the day before tomorrow. If you have a girlfriend, she will break up with you. If you don't, you'll get one.

**SCORPIO** (24 October - 23 November)  
Steer clear of short people, especially if there are seven of them. This will ultimately lead to death by poison apple.

**SAGITTARIUS** (23 November - 21 December)  
What a week: things true greatness is made of. You'll be immortalised; you'll kill your father and sleep with your mother. This will ultimately lead to blindness and death. On the upside, you'll become a world-renowned case study for an Austrian psychologist called Sid Fleud. I think.

**CAPRICORN** (22 December - 20 January)  
You haven't received anything for Valentines Day and, in the depth of your despair, your fairy god-mother will arrive and, with the touch of her wand, dress you in a great meringue dress. Unfortunately, she has a sense of humour, and will teleport you to the Rat. At least it's not the Vic.

**KERMITIUS** - The frog (most of the year)  
You'll wake up in the middle of the night with a man taking a leak in your room. Don't fret, he probably thinks he lives there. Do bear in mind, though, if you cry out he'll turn around and piss on you. Your only defence is to go back to sleep and pray that it was just a dream. If this one is inappropriate (for obvious reasons), this is the alternative:  
When you go home, you'll find a large trout on your wall. His name is Tony. Talk to him for a while to get used to him. If he replies, get help. Remember to do the talking while no one is around. Refer to Leo.



# Society Briefs

## - Association of Catholic Tertiary Students Rhodes Branch

We wish to sincerely welcome all Catholics to Rhodes. We hope that you will find Rhodes to be a wonderful University and wish you every success in your time here. We exist to serve the needs of the Catholic Community here at Rhodes. We hope that we can aid you in your spiritual development at University.

No one who is non-Catholic would be excluded in our activities, however we do maintain a strong Catholic ethos in whatever we do.

Fr. John Nolan is the student Chaplain and he celebrates Mass every Sunday evening at 19h00 in St Peter's Chapel, on St. Peter's Lawns, (please see your Rhodes map for more details) for all the students and some of the Grahamstown community.

We also have a website at <http://www.acts.ru.ac.za>

## - Astrosoc

Stars, planets, black holes, galaxies, comets and the universe itself. The Rhodes Astronomy Society is dedicated to finding out more about our cosmos.

Join us for a fun, informal way to see and learn about some of our universe's most awe-inspiring and spectacular sights. We have extensive facilities, including 3 telescopes. We meet every Tuesday evening for talks, courses, movies and telescope viewings. We also offer weekend camps, braais and other social events. For both beginners and the more experienced, we offer something for every curious mind. Join the stars at Astrosoc! <http://astrosoc.soc.ru.ac.za>; [secretary@astrosoc.soc.ru.ac.za](mailto:secretary@astrosoc.soc.ru.ac.za)

See our stand at societies evening.

## - Debating

For a society that offers hip, happening, lip-smacking, fast-gabbling, beer-guzzling, intellectual note-swapping... and those are just the people!

Debating is more than just a hobby, it offers real life skills in communicating, constructing logical arguments, and using your noggin on the spot. This is finally a legitimate way to be nasty to your mates to their faces!

The society is a blast - not only for those culture-vultures among you who had 42 scrolls on their honours blazers, but for people who can handle the heat. The premise is to make a racquet, smash ideas back and forth, and counter any down the lines shots slammed into your own court. All this without even having to wear takkies.

The Debating Society is not known as the best society on campus for nothing: it is a society that really shows off the diversity of the Rhodes students. Join us to be a part of the hype.

## - Photosoc

The Rhodes University Photographic Society has grown from a small organisation of 25 members to one with over 200 members! We have two well-equipped dark-rooms with all the facilities needed to process and print your own black and white photographs. For those interested in more advanced aspects of photography, there are the facilities to process and print both colour negatives and slides! In addition to that, the society provides its members with all chemistry, and sells paper and film and incredibly discounted rates!!! The society also runs excursions each year to places in and around the Eastern Cape - which make for fantastic photography and a change of scenery. Photosoc offers photographic courses for beginners and constructive input for intermediate and advanced photographers. This year's enthusiastic committee invites you to join us at societies evening to see exactly what we have to offer - and liberate your vision with the photographic society in 2000!

# Societies Listings

Activate	Methsoc
ACTS	Microbiochemsoc
Aisec	Muslim Students Association
Amnesty International	OutRhodes
Ansoc	Pasma
Assemsoc	Photosoc
Astrosoc	Reggae
Azasco	Rotaract
Ballroom Dancing	Rucus
Botany	RUPSA
Chamber Choir	Rusco
Chemsoc	Sasco
Choral	SAUJS
Creative Art	Seventh Day
Demsoc	Socialist Workers
Debating	Stock Exchange Soc
Divinity Student Council	Students Christian Organisation
East African Soc	Swazisoc
Electrosoc	Thinking Strings
French Soc	Toastmasters
Geology soc	Voice of Glory
Geography	Winetasting
Heal the World	Zicusu
Hindu Student Society	Zimsoc
His People	Zoosoc
HSA	
Komiksoc	
Law Students	



FELIX RALEKHRETHO

Embark on a fun-fest of holiday spirit in celebration of an old life and anxious desire to start from scratch.

The basic policy of any student society nothing to do with religion, class, taste, sex (well according to my sources), race, culture, or environment. The main objective for any and every single one of them is to get you to sign up during O-week. I now feel it appropriate to quote the Youth Against Establishment in their defiance campaign of last year: "Fuck Intolerance, Fuck Racism!"

What do you fear most: the law, the VC, or yourselves? I for one have problems choosing between right-wing favourites that you as a student will learn to abhor, and mid-wing drunken martyrs that you will probably enjoy the company of. These days, societies are gradually generalising and categorising themselves along

lines of affiliation and political interest. Don't think that Chemsoc has nothing to do with Anglo-American and DeBeers. How far does that fund reach? Your involvement with us involves you with the third-world. So what if Huisamen gives 20,000 dollars worth of ammunition to defend Kabila's great diamond fortress? What does that have to do with my society? Sierra Leone is eons away from isolated Grahamstown. Let's just hope you don't get snubbed by your own inconsistency.

The question of great urgency during your O-week ride should be this: Do you want to join, change, lead, or create a student society at Rhodes University? Why? Hopefully, after reading this section, you first years will be more capable of making that decision for yourself.



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**Bible School: 7pm every Tuesday - starting 22nd February - meet at the Fountain**

**Cell Group: 7pm every Wednesday - see your Res noticeboard**

**For more information please contact: Pastor Gareth Lowe**

**Tel 622 3426**

## Fables Bookshop

We welcome all returning and new students to Grahamstown and wish you all the best for the year ahead.

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# Out-takes

&amp;

For all the beachfront loafers and lounge-chair experts on humanity amongst us, there remain, somewhere in the ranks, a breed of horizon chasing psychopaths. A backpack for certainty, a beat generation hangover for a philosophy and a way heightened sense of what it is to be alive - these are their hallmarks. In reverence to a determination to live deliberately, **ACTIVATE** presents two lovingly scrawled postcards from the edge.

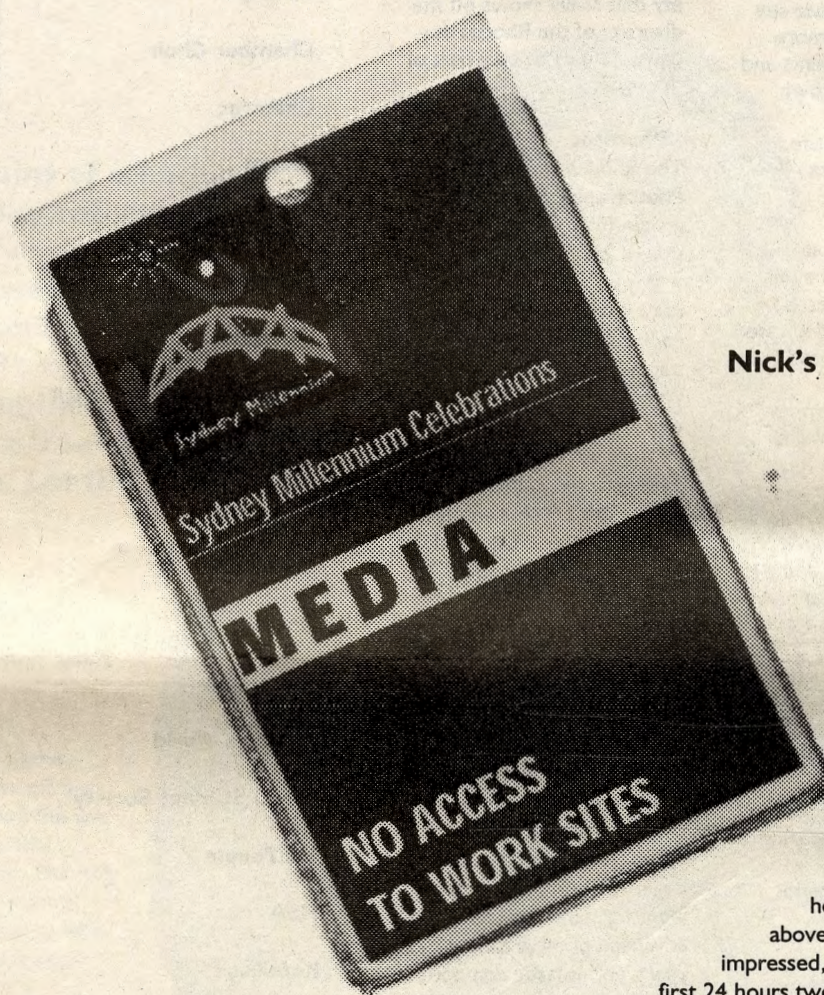
## Fear and Loathing in Sydney - from Nick Ferreira

So we packed our bags and climbed on the plane to Australia - on Christmas Day no less. There we were, a Jew, two atheists, a semi-convicted non-practising agnostic and a Zimbabwean (fuck knows where they fit in), gathered together on Christ's 2000th birthday at JHB International with a common goal in mind: BEER.

A secondary consideration was the gathering of cheap spirits at the duty-free, and if there was time, climbing on the right plane to Sydney. We were off to the World Universities Debating Championships. For those who don't know, debating is the second most stimulating thing you can do with your tongue.

The Championships were in the future, though - first we had a week in Sydney, a week in which to see who would stop us drinking first, the Sydney Police or our screaming livers. Almost every time, it was the Sydney police who were so anal that most of them looked in danger of disappearing into their own rectums whenever they heard the word "bar". There is a city council slogan that sums the place up for me: "No more. It's the law." They have posters up in all the bars. It is illegal to sell drinks to people deemed intoxicated. Apparently, going to a bar to get drunk is considered deviant behaviour in Sydney. Being Rhodes debaters, to whom the idea of going to bar without getting pissed courtesy of Kwikka first is completely alien, the policy baffled us. Eventually we figured out a pub route that enabled us to go to a place, have three drinks, get escorted out (protesting our sobriety) and move directly to the next licensed venue.

### Aussie travel Paraphenalia



Nick's press pass

soon as you arrive is a sure cure for jet lag. Also, this was the only pub in the city that would serve us regardless of how badly we needed to lean on the counter while ordering. If I'd known what was waiting I would have just stayed there until the tournament began.

Being debaters, we pulled off an extremely jammy move on the second day. We walked into the Town Hall and convinced the press liaison that we were media professionals from South Africa (some of us are studying journalism). We then demanded our dues, which we were as follows: a free tour of the city, tickets to the Imax and aquarium, extensive media packs, access to the media site on New Years Eve and, best of all, press accreditation cards, which we abused at every opportunity to hop queues, have beers paid for, and generally impress foreign chicks. So if any of you saw the Harbour fireworks on CNN, we were sitting next to the cameraman. On the tour, we kinda failed to impress anyone as to our authenticity as journos. At least, I failed to impress anybody. They found it hard to swallow that any pro journalist would shoot snaps from a Kodak disposable FUN! camera. Also my porno pink Hawaiian shirt and nervous jittering chatter (a result of a hyper-excited nervous system; too much booze only hours before) made them suspicious. The rest of the Rhodes lot was impeccably behaved.

From there on in things get kinda hazy. We debated, and did OK. We stole one park bench, harassed a number of Croatian debaters, and did our level best to get South Africa excluded from the Commonwealth again. We went on a ship with unlimited free booze and chow and a DJ and cruised the harbour. We burnt up three benches and a table belonging to Sydney University in a spectacular bonfire for the South African-theme evening - yakka party. Yakka being a lethal lemon and vodka mix originating somewhere in the Cape. We fell on a Canadian. We ate the worm.

And then there was a 24 hour plane trip incl. a 4 hour layover at Singapore, and the subsequent attempt to regain my sanity.

And if any of you find my name in Sydney, please email it right back to me.  
lovies  
Nick

*Nick Ferreira has often been accused of taking his reverence of Hunter. S. Thompson a touch too far. He has forced himself into various slumming activities, which call into question the very fabric of society. He does not act like this all the time. Back on home soil he leads a completely sane existence with tons of responsibilities, a beautiful girlfriend and a slick red bakkie.*

When  
we  
arrived  
we were  
most

impressed to  
see that our youth  
hostel was directly  
above a pub. So  
impressed, in fact, that for the  
first 24 hours two of us failed to leave  
the hostel/pub. Getting absolutely tonsilled as





# war stories

## Shredder and the Bus-riding masses of Indonesia. - From Paradise Junkie

1st December 1999.  
Northern Sumatra, Indonesia.

About to get onto a bus out of some dead end town called Jambi in Northern Sumatra, I wondered to myself what kind of stars there are this close to the Equator. No stars apparently. The sky was covered with ominous monsoon cloud. Sure enough, the heavens opened moments later, and I made a dash to get on board. If I could have that moment over again, would I have stayed out there in the hard monsoon rain?

The friend I was travelling with, George, and myself, were assigned a space at the back of the bus, in the smoking compartment. The seat was originally meant for two - with us on it there were now four. What should have been headrests was taken up by various pairs of Indonesian feet protruding from the darkness of whatever it was that was behind our seat. Spatial physics would dictate that it couldn't have been much. I don't know. I do know that there were a lot of feet. And I never ever did see any bodies attached to the feet. There must have been though, for they moved at the most inopportune moments and smelt worse than the worst expensive foreign smelly cheese.

I was sitting - perched is probably more accurate - between George and the cardboard wall of the bathroom. When the door opened it would smash against my knees, emitting a putrid stench of urine. The smell and the cramped quarters created the mood of a bus headed for Auschwitz. The other passengers just stared ahead, blankly.

To take our minds off "the bus trip from hell", the organisers decided to show the movie Dr Giggles: a low budget horror that went straight from final credit to the Sumatran bus circuit. It had Larry Drake in it. He was Benny, the retarded guy in LA Law. Apparently he's not actually retarded, though his acting in this film does raise questions. The plot was simple enough to follow. Simple enough, as the screen was 20m away, and had to be viewed through the thick, scratched perspex wall that separated our smoking "Uno Jam" section from the rest of the bus. That, and the fact that half the screen was not visible, thanks to the particularly fat head of an Indonesian directly in front of me. There was no sound either, but that I was grateful for. All that screaming would have made the trip unnervingly surreal.

**Hell - 135 km**  
(Bus Lane only)

After about 27 of George's "this is bullshit"s, and as many needless losses of human life as a result of people crossing paths with Dr. Giggles and his geometry set, I happily contemplated the thought of becoming his next victim. Indeed, I prayed for it.

What had promised to be "only one hour" turned out to be five. The bus ground to a halt at some sweaty roadside restaurant. Disappointments hit us hard and fast as we stared at food that looked like fish, could've been chicken, and knowing George's luck (he's Jewish) was probably pork. What were thought to be exotic shark's eggs turned out to be nothing more than beans on creatine that tasted like pesticide.

Not to be beaten by the ensuing string of disappointments, we made our way back to the bus with the renewed hope of an actual seat. Maybe even some legroom. The only seat that was potentially open was where a pregnant, asthmatic woman was lying down, evidently in the throes of a feverish temperature. Curse her luck. More muttered "this is fucking bullshit"s, and we faced up to the inevitable. We traded places, and I was now next to the Indonesian who George had affectionately dubbed "Shredder". The man looked like a human raisin. With cheeks that sunk in so far they must have touched sides on the inside of his mouth, and wrinkles that flapped over other sides on the inside of his mouth, and wrinkles that flapped over other wrinkles creating ripple effects all over his face, it was a wonder he was still alive. I think he actually slipped into a

coma while I was sitting next to him. He wore a hideous mustard-coloured tartan shirt, and glasses that cast a reflection on his face that made it seem as if he was wearing goggles for flying. The way he stared ahead, undeterred by his surroundings, did give him some semblance of the grandeur of a pilot flying a WW2 bi-plane. It would certainly go a long way toward explaining all the wrinkles.

The stench coming from the bathroom was now being combatted by the stench coming from Shredder himself. The guy smelled like an entire old age home. His hair was slicked back with so much mousse that it had an off yellow/grey colour that almost matched his shirt. Shredder was just a plethora of laughs - he didn't seem to find it all that funny, though.

George sleeping on my shoulder, Indonesian toe jam in my hair, my feet under my chin, the swirling odours of Shredder's aftershave and the bathroom urine, Dr Giggles massacring another innocent victim in the distance, Indonesians intermittently coming back to the smoking section to blow smoke in my face, and Shredder - in all his "Shredderness" - to my left.

Why God? Why? Using all the leverage I could muster, I flipped him over to the other side - his eyes open all the while, staring vacantly ahead. There was nothing left to do but try and not touch Shredder too much, and just wait for it all to end. Which wasn't to be too soon mind you, thanks to a flat tyre. This was the only way the organisers of "the bus trip from hell" could have

made things worse. For now we were still in the same situation, only stationary. You couldn't even have the satisfaction of knowing that as the bus hurtled to its final destination, we were getting nearer to getting off the bus once and for all. We were travelling - without moving.

An hour later and we were off again. Speeding onward into the night, the bus driver hunting down other buses, and then waiting for a blind rise or a sharp corner to overtake. These were all deemed suitable places to overtake at 180 km/hour. The driver seemed confident in the belief that his incessant hooting would ward off the possibility of any head-on collision. As we swerved frantically to avoid hitting an oncoming bus, I thought to myself, "Oh God, I'm going to die." And then I thought,

"Oh God, I'm not going to die." Living hell is a bus trip in Sumatra. Things couldn't get any worse, I thought. And then we passed a bus that had just gone off the road and crashed into a myriad of palm trees. All I saw out of the corner of my eyes was this bus, smashed up against the trees. All I could tell was that it had just happened, and all I knew was that we weren't stopping to see if there were any survivors. If I was going to go, I wanted to go in my sleep, thinking about people and places a million miles away from this god-forsaken hell on wheels. As it turned out, the only thing I could dream about was being offered better seats.

"The bus trip from hell" lasted 18 hours. There were 58 near-death collisions, 27 senseless killings by Dr Giggles, and only two stops. The bus trip is now over, and I live to tell the tale. I'm not sure what happened to Shredder though. I think we lost him at the second stop. I can imagine him coming out of the toilets to find the bus gone. And with that vacant stare of his that doesn't even show whether he's even noticed that the bus has gone, he simply gets onto another bus, headed in the opposite direction. And that's how I like to think of Shredder: riding buses up and down Sumatra, as only Shredder can.





# Inter-campus Across the lines



O-week is an exciting time when you meet hundreds of people and begin to come to terms with your new environment (something that I am sure you are already aware of). Rhodes does not have a formal initiation programme, as a result of a decision by the administration, but this does not

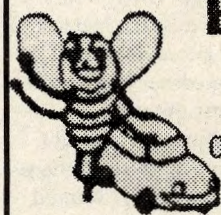
detract from your enjoyment of first year. Different universities approach initiation differently and to different effect - whatever happens, just have fun and make the most of all that comes your way! Good luck.

Hayley Mathie  
Inter-campus editor

## Mad Hatters Coffee Shop

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## TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING

by Greg Simpson(Chief reporter UPEN)

Orientation at UPE is ninety- percent bullshit and ten percent worthwhile. You arrive in a new city, called the 'friendly city'. Then, five minutes into your res life you are hit by a barrage of people with an attitude deformity.

You have to wear the same outfits as the sixty other first years. The first night you get there is either spent outside or in the passage - in case of "enemy attack" by the savages from the res next door. Thus the rivalry between Unitas and Zanadu reses is born. One tradition is the humiliation involved in having to greet a goat brought in specifically for orientation. We ate the bastard later. Females first years have to dress up like fools, for the sake of equality and togetherness.

When one asks the intention of this mass degrading experience, seniors will tell you that it builds team spirit and togetherness. They claim that by making everyone wear the same clothes, you establish the perception of everyone as being equal, while the humiliation serves to break down arrogance. This is all very well if you are living in the sixties, but come on get real. As a wise man once said, "for times they are a-changing". Orientation does seem to be fading away. Many Xhosa students are not prepared to go through yet another initiation ceremony, many having recently experienced the trials of entering into manhood.

However, some might argue that it is not an initiation process but rather a learning process, for amongst the pedantry of mindless activities one does get a tour of the varsity, and important things are revealed.

## We like to party

by Julia Norton

Orientation week at Pietermaritzburg University is not compulsory, as there is a fee to take part. The main objectives have been to familiarise the first years with the campus and for us to meet our fellow first years! On the first day we were divided into small groups and given a "mentor". Most of the people who were in my group are still good friends!

We took part in activities such as pyjama parties, theme evenings, a night on the town (where we took over one of the local nightclubs), a fun sports day and a train ride through the Natal midlands. The wonderful thing about these activities was that people were encouraged to be themselves and, by the many teamwork activities, to get to know everyone.

Admittedly, there was a fair amount of alcohol consumed during the festivities but this was not encouraged and was controlled (for example, RAG had a buddy bus to drive people home if they were unable to drive themselves). The academically directed activities were not as fun as the social events but were as valuable to fledgling students. We were given a tour of the facilities as well as talks by student-orientated organisations like the Students' Council.

For the year 2000, orientation in Maritzburg looks set to take on a different format. It will be more academically orientated, and will probably be shorter. This is aimed to reduce the cost for those who wish to attend. I don't think that this will dampen the spirits of the First Years though because whenever a crowd of students get together it usually heads towards a party.

## SUFFERING AT STELLENBOSCH

by Lucy Robinson

"Sak jou dak, dit", meaning "put your head down, thing" in English, epitomises, for me, initiation at Stellenbosch University. Our H.K.s, or house committees, spat this ditty at us every time our eyes rose above knee level.

We were not considered worthy enough to look them in the face and had to recognise all twenty of our seniors by their feet. By the first night we had to recite each H.K.'s CV (pages of trivia and lies) and our identities were reduced to a large, obtrusive board hung over our chests.

Our days started at 5am with us slaving over the HK's who were still in bed. We were then lined up and made to sing sombre Afrikaans "liedjies" to a male res to "skakel" (bond) with them.

Our H.K.'s kept us entertained in the afternoons by making us sing, build floats for carnival week and run up and down a track in preparation for the athletics day - all under a stream of verbal abuse. The general feeling of relief at the end of our initiation was little consolation for an exercise, which most people felt, achieved very little besides a rather miserable introduction to our Stellenbosch career.

It has been said that initiation is to be banned at the university in future for this reason and because it can continue for up to four weeks in some male reses!

I do not feel that my initiation was a learning experience and see it as useful only for a few laughs as we recollect shared misery and desperation.

## A Worthy Cause is Saspu and Student Media

by Felix Ralekhetho

"The South African Students Press Union believes in freedom of expression, which includes the freedom of the press and other media as the cornerstone of democracy to adhere to the democratic values of human dignity, equality and freedom of our people." - Saspu, in an invitational address to Activate Independent Student Newspaper

In Bellville last semester, the week-long annual general meeting (28 November to 3 December 1999) was called to address the financial and organisational dilemma perpetuated by executive abstinence and activity related shortcomings.

"We've suffered a great deal because of the NEC's irresponsibility. We must take more responsibility in consolidating our integral position in the maintenance of our youthful democracy," said Mdu Phiri in the Secretariat Blue Paper. Saspu continues to maintain that the democracy that exists today must still be fought for and maintained in order for it to survive.

Numerous student newspapers and newsletters such as Speak Out! of the University of the North and Xpose of Vaal Tech attended. Workshops were organised on Gender Transformation, Gender news writing and Aids Awareness.

"The liberation of the women is ultimately the liberation of humanity," said Morgan Phaala, former outgoing president of SASPU. Morgan and the Saspu organisation were called in March of 1999 to deliberate on the passing of the Broadcast Bill in front of a Parliamentary Committee in Gauteng.

Although the bold goal was to "narrow the gap between the information rich and poor" many students in attendance complained about the tardiness of guest speakers and the unorganised fashion in which the meetings were launched.

"The [food] service is horrible and the workshops always start and end late!" said Moiphane Butane, reporter for Vaal Tech's Xpose.

In the AIDS/HIV section of the conference, Eddie Mohoebe of the Dept. of Health spoke to various students about the impact of Aids on Sub-Saharan Africa and Africa as a whole.

"Statistics show that 70% of the world's Aids population comes from Sub-Saharan Africa. South Africa still has the highest infection rate in the entire world," said Mohoebe in a seminar involving all delegates of the conference. Mohoebe challenged student delegates to take a stand in student media on issues concerning AZT distribution and the notifiability of Aids as it reaches a pandemic level in Southern Africa.

Saspu has affiliations with the Freedom of Expression Institute (FXI), the South African Youth Commission (SAYC), the National Community Media Forum (NCMF), and the South African National Editorial Forum (SANEF). Jane Pollecut of FXI, a former Black Sash Organisation member, was involved in the investigation of three SABC bosses in accusation of fund-peddling and overly-paid salaries. She and other people of her organisation maintained that many historically white institutions (like Rhodes) have rules that still reflect apartheid norms and values. The story of Max Hamata and the Mail and Guardian story was brought up during one of the seminars (See Activate, Orientation Edition '99). It was agreed upon that the regulations stipulated in Pentech where Hamata was expelled, such as "no student is to bring disrepute to the Institution", were reminiscent of the old racist regime.

Saspu aims to inform student media of their rights and responsibilities in informing the masses on issues of freedom of expression, racism, Aids, and Gender Transformation amongst others of crucial importance. Those concerns already deliberated upon were implemented in the Constitution and considered the most crucial.

## How to spot a...

Sebrena Sodalay

**BCom Student** - they make up the majority of Zimsoc and can be seen during O-Week having just finished their supps. They can also be seen around the fountain at night trying to practice the law of supply and demand with the fish.

**Drama Student** - Most believe they are Goths specially recruited by Darth Vader and they go around trying to be different (most don't succeed). Last years trend was shaved heads and pubic regions.

**Pharmacy Student** - primarily HSS and MSA members (aka RUPSA). You'll recognise them by the expensive clothes, cars and hairstyles. They spend all their time and money trying to look different but end up looking like pharmacy students.

**Theology Student** - found nude, late at night at the Bots re-living the experiences of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden and proving that RED BULL does indeed give one wings!

**Psychology student** - they don't give a f\*\*\* about anyone but themselves. They also go around giving Prozac to first year male students saying that it's Viagra, so be warned!

**BSc Student** - They can usually be found soaking up the rays at the poolside, on res balconies or on the lawns around campus. They believe that they must experience the practical side of what they learn.



Monkey puzzle

Eden Grove

Rhodes Theater

Drotsky Arch

New Street

Debonairs  
Sublime  
Grumpies  
Rat & Parrot  
Flower Pot

African Street

Beauty Salon

High Street

UPB

Blue Room

Peppergrove Mall

Doctor's Rooms

Mad Hatters

Graham Bottle Store

Pharmacy

Steers

King Pie

Peppers

Edgars

Pharmacy

Juice Bar PopArt

Musica

Posh Pizza

Zorba's

La Gallirea

First National Bank

Checkers

Buddies

ABSA

Bottle Store

Paulas Bakery

Dentist

Post office

Cardies

Vic

Gino's Cafe

Topics Colors

Spur

Home industry

Bambies Cafe

Albany Jewellers

Foshini

Public Library

Telkom

FotoFirst

Information

Standard Bank

City Hall

Liquor store

Birches

Truworthe

Knights shoes

Clicks

Sales house

Grocotts

Mr. Price

Doctors rooms	Video Spot
Roxbury	Guidos
Theaters	Dog Shop
Surf shop	Mustard
Sure Travel	Seed
	Hip Hop
	Spar
	Friends
	Albany sports
	Pharmacy
	Grocotts stationery
	Peppergrove Mall